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THE

Insinuating Bawd:

AND THE

Repenting Harlot.

*Written by a Whore at Tunbridge, and
Dedicated to a Bawd at the Bath.*



LONDON

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THE
Repenting Harlot
TO THE
Insinuating Bawd.

Most Hypocritical Beldam!

SURE nothing but the Vilest Complication of all manner of Devilism, could have Acted a Judas's part with so much subtilty, for the Lucre of a few base Pence, as your abominable self, thou Hodg Podge of all Wickedness; in deluding a poor Innocent Creature, by the bewitching Sorcery of your Insinuating Tongue, to satisfy the Lust of an Ingrateful Sinner, to her whole Life's Misery.

I am Pleas'd with nothing in this World, but to hear the Venereal Remains of your Juvenal Debauches, have sent you Packing to the Bath, to there Parbaile your filthy Carcase, with a Vain hope of Repairing your Rotten Limbs, which I believe the best Preserver of Humane Bodies, is unable to keep Alive from Stinking. Some Cripples I have heard, Have been so perfectly restor'd to their Healthful Abilities by the Bath, as to leave their Crutches behind'em: But I question not, if there be any Justice in Hot Water towards thee, the most Infamous of Sinners: If you leave any thing behind you, 'twill be your Nose, or your Shinbones, in order to Punish you, for those Ills which you have not been Contented to Practice your self, but to draw Innocence into.

The Sufferings and Sorrows I now Labour under, are all
owing

Dedication.

owing to your Confounded Ladyship, and your Extasies of Joy with a Pox to 'em, (for so I've found 'em) have struck up such an unextinguishable Fire in my most Pleasurable Apartment, that I fear its past the Power of Tunbridge Waters, Aqua-Tetrachimagogon, or the Piek-a-dilly Engineer, to stop the Flames from consuming the whole miserable Tenement.

My Sinful Life, which was at first owing to your self, has brought me Early under Affliction; and that Affliction, I thank Providence, to an Early Repentance: But if I cannot become a sincere Penitent, without forgiving you, my Unpardonable Enemy, who first seduc'd me into a State of Corruption, I shall certainly hazard my Salvation, upon a breach of that part of Christianity; and Dye with as much Malice towards thee, the betrayer of my Innocence, as ever did poor Jacobite Plotter bear to a Confederate, who first drew him into the Design, and afterwards, to save his own Life, hang'd him upon his Evidence.

Under a Serious Reflection, on my miserable Condition at Tunbridge: I writ the following Poem, which I have Dedicated to your Sinful self, to Remind you of your past Wick- edness; and to Caution Young Ignorant Creatures, how they are Deluded by such Insinuating Beldams, such Kidnappers of Virginity, into the like Unhappiness: So Wishing you may Dye in a Ditch, and Rot like a Dead Horse, that the Boys may make Catsticks of your Legg Bones, and Raisers of your Ribs, to Play at Trap Ball with, in the Bartholomew Holy- days, I Remain a Miserable Wretch, and your Bitter Enemy till Death.

D. B.

T H E

(1)

THE
Infinuating Bawd:

O R, THE
Repenting Harlot.

HAPPY was I, before I knew to Sin;
All Charms without, all Innocence within;
No Hateful Envy, my Content withstood;
All things were Grateful, whilst my self was Good:
Unfulli'd Pleasures in my Bosom dwell;
My Peaceful Soul no Headstrong Passion felt:
No Shame pursu'd, or, did my Mind Affright;
But ev'ry Hour administr'd Delight:
Blest as th' Aspiring Angels, e'er they Fell;
The World seem'd Heaven, for I knew no Hell.
No Pride or Lust, my Virgin Brightness Stain'd,
Or Vicious Thoughts my Virtuous Will Prophan'd:
My Looks and Actions Artless did appear;
Tho' each Oblig'd, yet both Unstudy'd were;
Without Design, all Innocent and Free;
I knew no Sin, and could no Curse foresee.
My Beauty and Deportment were approv'd,
By th' Old Applauded, by the Young Belov'd.

B

Thus

Thus was my Youth by Virtue's Charms inspir'd,
 By all Respected, and by most Admir'd;
 Proud was the Man, and Blest the Happy He,
 That could obtain one minutes Companie;
 Which then to the false Sex I could impart,
 And feel no Feverish Throbbing in my Heart.
 Talk of Chaste Love, and rule no Lustful Fire,
 Toy without Kindling up a Lustful Fire;
 Could Wander without Fear from Field to Grove,
 And think of nothing but the Name of Love:
 Yet found my Sweeter Innocence supply'd
 The want of Joy, my Tender years deny'd.
 Thus I remain'd from Sinful Sorrows free,
 No Saint on Earth could sure more Happy be;
 Till I the Term of Sixteen years had been
 A Faithful Subject to bright Virtue's Queen;
 And then my own Base Sex seduc'd me first
 One, who by long Experience knew the way
 To raise Desires, would Tender Youth betray,
 And make the Giddy Maid, with Eager haste,
 Pursue those Pleasures, 'tis a Crime to Taste.
 The insinuating Temptress, thus began
 To Bribe my Ears, and Bend my Thoughts i'wards Man.

*Madam, Since Heav'n so largely has bestow'd
 On you those Blessings, but to few allow'd,
 And now your Charms, in Nature's Law's Untaught,
 Are by Ripe Years to full Perfection brought;
 'Tis to the Donor sure a great abuse,
 When grown Mature, to keep 'em back from Use:
 By our Grave Guides, how often are we told,
 How much the Miser Sins, that hoards his Gold.*

If

If you those Charms from their true Use Conceal,
 You're doubtless Guilty of as great an Ill.
 Beauty, like Money, 's made to be Employ'd;
 And not by Age to molter Un-enjoy'd:
 For it were, where would the difference be,
 Betwixt the Fairest, and the Homely'st She?
 The soft Young Damsel, with her Magick Eyes,
 And all the Charms Dame Nature can Devise,
 If she but Tempts to what must be Deny'd,
 Imprisons Beauty by a Senseless Pride;
 The Dowdy's far more Blest, that freely is Enjoy'd.
 For Niggards, tho' Possess with useless Store,
 Thro' Willful wants, Live Poorer than the Poor:
 Consider, Child, what Pity it would be,
 That Fruit like yours, should Wither on the Tree:
 Those Rubie Cheeks, that look so Fresh and Gay,
 Will in short time, if not Enjoy'd, Decay.
 That warm Complexion, that preserves the Grace
 Of each soft Feature in your Lowely Face,
 Will Sickly grow, and Fade in spite of Art,
 Lest the Blind God, soon Bleeds you with his Dart:
 See how Lucinda's Charms at once are gone,
 Whose Eyes of late, with so much Lustre shone;
 And all the Roses that her Cheeks Adorn'd,
 Are into Yellow Fading Tulips turn'd;
 Her Limbs, that with such Air and Freedom mov'd,
 Are Lazy grown, unfit to be Belov'd:
 Her deprav'd Stomach does for nothing Call,
 But Cinders, Oat-Meal, 'Baccopipes, and Wall:
 Her Blood's Corrupted, and her Breath's grown Short;
 And all for want of Love's Salubrious Sport.

Therefore

Therefore, Dear Madam, don't Repent too Late,
 That you are fall'n beneath Lucinda's Fate;
 But use the happy means that may prevent
 Those Ills occasion'd by severe Restraint:
 Such Knowledge you will find, such Pleasure take
 In the first Sweet Experiment you make,
 You'll own each Blissful moment you Employ,
 Is worth an Age Exempted from the Joy;
 Your Soul will find an Extasie so great,
 What now you Fear, you'll Study to Repeat.
 The Unexperient'd Nymph that's Chaste and Fair,
 Does but the Fetters of Blind Ign'rance wear;
 Whilst she that's Wise, dissolves the feeble Chain,
 By Vent'ring once to lose what's kept in Pain.
 When I first took the Counsel that I give,
 Such Pleasing Knowledge did my Soul Revive,
 I'd rather Feast and Dye, than not to Taste and Live.

Madam, said I, I know not what you mean,
 Something methinks I want, but fear to Sin;
 You Talk of Joys to such a Blest degree,
 What's sure so Pleasant, cannot Sinful be;
 And yet methinks, who'd Heavens Laws Controul,
 Were it not Pleasure that beguild the Soul?
 Barely the Hopes, not certainty of Joy,
 Did Eve, amidst her Innocence Decoy;
 'Twas not the Fruit, but what the Tempter said,
 That her weak Nature to his Will Betray'd.
 If Talk of Pleasures will the Mind subdue,
 What then must Joys in full Fruition do.
 The very Words are Pleasant you impart,
 And makes a Wellcome Fever in my Heart:

My

My Soul Divided, struggles hard within;
 Betwixt the Hopes of Joy, and Fear of Sin:
 A warm Desire thro' ev'ry Fibre glides;
 Something I want, which something else forbids,
 What 'tis you've made me Cover to Possess,
 Dear Madam tell me, for I cannot guess.

With Looks disorder'd, I approach'd more nigh,
 And eagerly attended her Reply.
 Finding her Words had some Impression made,
 She took me by the Hand, and thus she said:

Madam, The Joys your full-blown Tears require,
 Are Just to Aet, and Nat'ral to Desire:
 'Tis the sweet Game that all Mankind pursue,
 The Prince, the Peasant, Priest, and Poet too:
 It Sweetens Life in every Degree;
 Makes Crowns sit Easie, and the Pen run Free:
 It is the Virgins Hope, the Wives Delight,
 The Business of the Day, the Bliss of Night.
 It begets Friendship, puts an end to Strife,
 Is the Blest Warmth, that gives the World new Life.
 Such are the Joys, you now are Ripe to Prove,
 Tth' Sweet Embraces of a Man you Love,
 Hugg'd in his Arms, if Pliable and Kind;
 There, there, the Happy Secret you will find.

But Man, said I, I've heard my Mother say,
 Is False, and cannot Love above a Day;
 Will Swear ten thousand Lyes, to be Believ'd;
 And Fawn, and Flatter, till h' has one Deceiv'd:
 But when h' has gain'd his End, inclin'd to Rove,
 Slights what he Vow'd he could for Ages Love.
 And leaves the Sighing Wretch he has betray'd,
 To drown in Tears, the false kind things he said.
 How then can I such Happiness obtain,
 From Faithless Man, so Fickle, and so Vain.

C Methinks,

Methinks, I only could the Youth approve,
 That could, like me, for Ever ever Love;
 Conform to th' Sacred Tye, make me his Wife,
 And bind himself to Love me for his Life:
 In such a Man, I'm sure I could Delight,
 Please him all Day, and Hug him close all Night.

*Dear Child, says she, You much, Alas! mistake;
 Those Bonds are Tiresome which we cannot break:
 Fear, Jealousie, and Doubt, Improve the Bliss;
 The Pleasure's Lost, when Chains have made you his.
 Our Sex too often has Confest, in Tears,
 Cupid withdraws, when once the Priest appears:
 Marriage and Love, we by Experience find,
 Differ like Freedom, and Restraint, in kind;
 And if they mix, 'tis with much Pains and Toil,
 As Skilful Cooks, mix Vinegar with Oyl.
 Therefore in Love, if you would happy be,
 Keep, whilst you're Touthful, Unconfin'd and Free:
 And if your weary Confident should Range,
 The Bonds are Void, and you your self may change:
 Your Love, whenever your Gallant has Err'd,
 May to another justly be Transferr'd:
 But if in Wedlocks Fetters, you are Bound,
 For Wrongs you Suffer, no Relief is found;
 Sights and Neglects; nay, Blows perhaps endure;
 And bear with Patience, what Revenge should Cure:
 Husbands maintain an Arbitrary Sway,
 Whilst the Poor Wife must Suffer, and Obey;
 And like a Kingdom into Slav'ry drawn,
 Thro' Fear, not Love, upon her Tyrant Fawn.
 Thus must you Study (tho' Opprest) to Please,
 All other means are worse than the Disease.
 Marriage, as us'd, is but a Womans Yoke;
 A Knot for Life, too Stubborn to be broke;*

*A Prison, which if once you're into't Cast,
 Makes the Sweet Fruit, but Nauseous to the Taste.
 Therefore the Freedom you Enjoy, Maintain;
 Liberty Lost, is difficult to Regain:
 Whilst Single, you may many Hearts subdue;
 Discharge the Faithless, and Oblige the True;
 If tir'd with Old ones, change 'em still for New.
 But if you're Marry'd, you're at once undone,
 And made a despicable Slave to one;
 Your Actions all, are Watch'd by many Eyes;
 Your very Servants that attend, are Spies;
 And each chance Folly, tho' you meant no hurt,
 Is made Suspicious, by their false Report.
 But in the State of Freedom, you're at Ease;
 At Leisure may your self or others Please;
 Fear no Reproof, be under no Command;
 List who you Please; and when you Please, Disband:
 Gain, with your Smiles, fresh Conquests ev'ry hour;
 Hero's themselves will yield to Beauties Pleasing Power.*

*Nature b'ing Headstrong, and my Virtue Weak,
 Methoughts, I could for ever hear her Speak;
 I fond of Joy, and Pleas'd with what she said,
 Too soon Believing, was too soon Misled.
 Virtue, 'tis true, some Opposition gave;
 But Rebel Nature would the Conquest have;
 And ev'ry Vein with willing Warmth inspir'd,
 To Play it's part in what the whole desir'd;
 B'ing Ripe and Eager now to be Undone,
 I to my Temptrers thus again begun:*

*Madam, said I, But where's the Man so just,
 With whom a Virgin may her Honour trust?
 Of all the Sex, I most admire a Bean,
 But fear he'll Boast the Favours I bestow;
 Yet to a Bean, I could my Heart Resign,
 He Looks so Prim, so Pritty, and so Fine;
 Is so Obliging, Complisant and Free;
 Dances, and Hums about so Prettilie:
 What would I Give, or what but I would do,
 Could I so dear a Creature but subdue?
 Oh how I'd Love him, his Esteem to Gain,
 Methinks a Bean, is a Delicious Man.*

The

The Cunning Dame, who now my Pulse had felt,
To raise Desire, these Pleasing Measures dealt:

Madam, The Prittyst Gentleman I know,
You ever saw, or all the World can show;
Whose Comely Stature, and Engaging Mein,
Would Tempt a Princess, nay, a Saint, to Sin;
So Brisk and Youthful, Vigorous and Gay,
So Courteous, and Obliging every way,
Earth cannot sure produce a Maid that can
Resist the Charms of so Compleat a Man;
H^{as} seen you twice, I've heard him since oft say;
One time at Church, another at a Play;
And Vows, you are the Sweetest Pritty Rogue,
That Mortal Man would e'er desire to Hugg;
Swears he could Dote upon your Lovely Face,
And gaze all day upon each Charming Grace:
Your Eyes have Prick'd his Breast with such a Dart,
He'd give ten thousand Worlds to gain your Heart.
When I've but Nam'd you, he has seem'd so glad;
T'wards you such kind and pritty things has said,
Sigh'd, Stretch'd, and Vow'd, he always could adore;
And still Enjoy, yet still Love more and more:
Had you been by, you could have done no less;
Than Teilded what he Covets to Possess:
Against such Force, no Virtue could maintain
Its Ground, Oh, he's a wondrous pritty Man!

This false Suggestion, set me all on Fire;
And turn'd my Fears into a Strong Desire:
Her Verbal Witchcraft did my Heart subdue;
And made me Languish, for I know not who.

Madam, said I, But when shall I obtain,
A Sight of this sweet Miracle of Man;
And do you think he Loves me? Yes, said she,
O then thought I, how happy shall I be,
Handsome, Obliging, Young, not given to Rove:
Such a dear Man, I could for ever Love:
O let me see him, and the Youth shall find,
If he'll be true, I'll Study to be kind.

When the Dame found, she my Consent had won,
And I was thus inclin'd to be undone.

Put

*Put on your Hood and Scarf, dear Child, says she,
I'll make you Happy; come along with me,
And you shall see, e'er a few hours be Past,
The Lovely Tree, and it's sweet Fruit shall Taste:
Do you but like the Charming Youth be kind,
And you this Night, a Blissful Heav'n shall find:
Your Soul shall surfeit with Delights unknown,
And Sum up all the Joys on Earth in one.*

Like our first Mother I was Loth to miss,
What false Report had render'd such a Bliss:
But with my best Attire, my Charms improv'd,
Fed with vain hopes of being the more belov'd;
Wash, Powder, Patches, all th' alluring Arts,
Practic'd by Ladies to ensnare Mens Hearts.
Thus did I Labour (Curse upon the Day)
To Tempt that Breast, wherein the Serpent lay:
Wretch that I am, was hasty to destroy
My whole Life's Comfort for a moments Joy.
So Insects fly to Flames which they should shun,
And fond of Light, are by the Fire undone;
When drest, some Checks within my Soul I found,
But flowing Vice, the Gardian Angel drown'd:
A Storm of Lust had so enrag'd my Blood,
Alas, I could not Listen to my Good.
When thus Equip'd, we made our next approach,
To the Street Door, and becken'd to a Coach.
My base Conductress did Directions give,
And bid the Churl, to th' inward Temple drive;
Where Liv'd my unknown Love, so Gay and Fine,
Before made Privy to the Curs'd design:
When I alas, to th' Sinful Mansion came;
My Pulse beat high, my Checks were Dy'd with Shame:
She knock'd, and such an Angel let us in,
Whose out-side out-shone all I'd ever seen:
His Gown with Red, Blew, Yellow Stripes was crost,
Gaudy as Flame in a hard Winters Frost;
Clad in the Morning Trapings of a Beau;
He Bow'd, and Cring'd, and made a Lovely show:

D

His

His Lips as soft as Leaves of Roses felt,
 His Breath, like an *Arabian* Garden Smelt.
 From his kind Tongue all Love and Sweetness flow'd,
 And ev'ry gentle touch his hand bestow'd,
 Made a strange Ebolition in my Blood. }
 He brought forth Sack, and Drank, but I deny'd,
 Till begging he prevail'd, and I Comply'd.
 Thus Enter'd, the Procurefs took her Leave;
 That she'd return, did an Assurance give;
 Feign'd buſſneſs, and intreated me to ſtay,
 Whilſt ſhe diſpatch'd Affairs ſome other way:
 Rid of her Preſence, he began his Court;
 Hugg'd me, and Kiſſ'd me, till my Breath grew ſhort;
 Call'd me *Fair Angel*, and his *Charming Saint*,
 Smother'd with Kiſſes, I began to Faint;
 Was ſometimes Cold, and then again grew hot,
 Panted and Trembled, at I knew not what.
 In this diſorder by indecent Force,
 He ſomething did that made me ten times worſe;
 With all my Might, I ſtruggl'd; but half Dead,
 With his ſtrong Armes, he toſt me on his Bed;
 Where o'er his Victim he Triumphant got,
 And did 'twixt Pain and Pleaſure, Heav'n knows what:
 When thus Corrupted with the firſt Delight,
 He then perſwaded me to ſtay all Night,
 I yeilded, but the falſe ſeducing Dame;
 Regardless of her Treach'rous word ne'er came;
 At firſt he prov'd all Love; I too was kind,
 Expecting ſtill more Joys than I could find:
 But when few hours was ſpent, he turn'd his Back,
 And grew, methoughts, *Cold*, *Negligent*, and *Slack*:
 I call'd him dear, but could not make him Speak;
 I Hugg'd him, Tugg'd him, but he would not Wake:
 I th' Morning Early, by the break o'th' day,
 He roughly told me, that I muſt not ſtay; }
 I much aſham'd aroſe, and Weeping went away.
 I Vex'd and Angry to be thus Miſus'd,
 Though as I found, I'd been by both abus'd;
 Discov'ring

Discov'ring, when too late, the Jilting Dame
 Sold me to quench the Leachers Lustful Flame:
 And went wi'th' *Judas* Pence, she'd basely gain'd
 To th' *Bath*, to have her Rotten Corps new clean'd;
 There Stew her Crazy Limbs, with a Vain thought
 Of Curing Pains her Youthful Sins begot.

When enter'd thus, I th' tempting Vice pursu'd,
 And from my first Corruption grew more Lew'd;
 Till by Promiscuous use, I found in th' end,
 The Sowrest Pains, the Sweetest Sins attend:
 Such Poisonous Ulcers did my Crimes ensue;
 I nauseous to my self and others grew:
 Thus were my Pleasures punish'd with a Curse;
 No Leprosie of *Job*, could sure be worse;
 My Blood did into Loathsome Issues melt;
 The parts that Sin'd the most, most Torment felt.
 Beneath these Miseries, I to *Tunbridge* went,
 Backward to Dye, but willing to Repent;
 In hopes the cooling Waters would have eas'd,
 Or quench'd those Fires, my stubborn Lust had rais'd.
 But when I found the Wells yeild no Relief,
 My hopes were turn'd into Despair, and Grief.
 I then reflecting on my wretched State,
 In Tears, did with my self thus Ruminat:
 Alas what am I! whither am I stray'd?
 By *Lust* and *Pride*, from *Virtues* Paths miss'd:
 What shameful shadows of my Guilt draw near?
 How Black and Monstrous, do my Ills appear?
 My thoughts, like Ghastly Fiends, my Soul affright,
 And threaten her with sad Destruction's Night:
 How Pale and Yellow, these poor Cheeks are grown,
 Which once look'd fresh, as Roses newly Blown?
 How Lank my Breasts, how Nauseous is my Breath?
 O where's my only kind Physician, Death?
 How happy was I once, when I was free
 From Sinful Thought, from Shame and Miserie;
 When ev'ry Eye my spotless Charms admir'd,
 Enjoying all my Virtuous Life requir'd?

Where

Where are the Flatterers, that my Love pursu'd,
 And would have giv'n whole Worlds to do me good?
 Alas, too late, to my sad Grief I find,
 'Twas Innocence alone made all things kind:
 Sweet Innocence, that can it self defend,
 And make ill-Natur'd Envy prove it's Friend:
 Bright Innocence, thou Blest and Charming Dove,
 Whom ev'ry Mortal must Admire and Love;
 When thee I lost, my Guardian Angel fled,
 And ever since, I've been unhappy made.
 Lust in thy Absence, got the Upper-hand,
 And made me Servile to its base Command:
 O that I'd been but some poor *Bargeman's* Wife,
 To've Lugg'd and Tugg'd, at the great *Oar* for Life:
 Or what is worse, had been a *Butcher's* Spouse,
 To've Mended many Coats, and stinking Hose;
 For one Days Living, to have two Days Starv'd,
 So that my Health and Virtue, I'd preserv'd;
 I'd been

And for base Lucre, Taught me first to Sin:
 May her Nose fall, her *Reins* and *Shinbones* Rot,
 And begging without pitty be her Lot;
 May her Vile Womb Incessant Fury have;
 And her Limbs drop by piece-meal to the Grave:
 And may that Man, that brib'd her to seduce
 Me Wretched Creature, to his Beastly Use,
 Be Doom'd the only Stallion to her Lust,
 Till Pox and Age, dry both into a Crust.
 Ladies beware, let Miserable me
 The sad Example of a *Harlot* be:
 Let not Loose Women Tempt you to the Hook,
 With which themselves unwarily were took;
 For if you're once betray'd, you'll surely find,
 You're Curs'd from the first moment you are Kind.

F I N I S.